The Interpretation of an International Love Affair

It might be interesting to consider what fateful power it is that seizes [illegible] individuals born at opposite ends of the earth and hurries them along through varied scenes and vicissitudes, [illegible] ignorant of the other's existence, [illegible]ging them together, sometimes in [illegible] and friendship, sometimes in en[illegible] and deadly hatred.

[illegible]ese philosophic thoughts were sug[illegible]d a few days ago as we doubled [illegible] orthwest corner of a street in the [illegible] kaleidoscopic city of Chicago. [illegible] at northwest corner was a fruit [illegible]. That fruit stand had with[illegible] many a change in Chicago's gov[illegible] powers.

B[illegible]dle aldermanic bodies had suc[illegible] each other, police chiefs had come and gone and were forgotten, mayor followed mayor; yet there it [illegible] serene amid the warring ele[illegible] of municipal and state elections, and [illegible]er such tempests in tea-kettles. [illegible]nged foreigner after another, braving the sun and storm, raked in [illegible] nickels, doled out the bananas, and [illegible]urned to his native land, wealthy [illegible] independent. Truly it might be [illegible] of [illegible]t apple stand:

[illegible] still stand in the undim[illegible] [illegible]dor of its mananas when [illegible]ler from St. Louis shall [illegible] broken arch of Clark street [illegible] sketch the ruins of the [illegible]uilding.

[illegible] stand, presiding over its [illegible] was a black-haired, black-[illegible]eyebrowed, olive complex[illegible]ter o' Greece. By that [illegible] into those dangerous [illegible] was a stalwart form with red hair, blue eyes, blue coat, brass buttons, silver star on breast and a tasseled hickory under his arm. He looked good-natured and honest, and wore a well-educated blond mustache. There was one defect in his physique—he was so round-shouldered as to be almost humpbacked. His name was Michael O'Callaghan, or, as he himself put it, "Officer Michael O'Callaghan."

There they stand, the one, for aught we know, a lineal descendant of Leonidas, if that worthy had ventured into matrimony before he ventured into Thermopylae; and the other—it goes without saying—a descendant of somebody equally ancient and illustrious. Yes, there they stand—from Ireland and from Greece—making love to each other on the curbstone of a busy street in Chicago. Oh, Love, they say you rule the court, the camp, the grove; you do indeed, and you rule the curbstones, the apple stands and the police force of the city of Chicago.

How Mr. Michael O'Callaghan has ever succeeded in making love to the fair Zoe—for that was the name of this Pythoness of the apple stand—the boy Eros himself only can tell; for Zoe's vocabulary in English was limited to such trade terms as "two fo' fife," "three fo' fife," and Michael's knowledge of modern Greek was, if anything more limited. Love laughs at locksmiths, but the little rascal in this case seemed equally to laugh at languages, and the Tower of Babel had no more penal consequence for him than if it never raised its defiant head to offended heaven.

The officer's beat embraced the locality on which stood the apple stand, and surely no policeman ever traveled his district so rapidly as he did. Ever and anon his bright star flashing coruscations of light, and his eyes, blue as his native skies when it is not raining there, flashing coruscations of love, would round the northwest corner and approach the apple stand.

"How much?' he would say, holding an apple which Zoe had burnished that morning with a greasy rag, while the Volapuk language of love would say more truly than ever Byron said it—

"Zoe mou sas apago,"

and Zoe would answer with a smile and a not unmusical voice:

"Two fo' fifs."

Then they would rummage amid the fruit, their hands would meet, a little surreptitious squeeze of the fingers would follow, and then this stalwart suppressor of Anarchists would march along, twirling his club, lowly whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and dreaming dreams no "copper" ever dared to dream before. These day dreams generally took the shape of a flat on the West Side, with Zoe its mistress and a little Graeco-Irish O'Callaghan crowing and kicking up its heels on the floor.

Several times each day that unspoken comedy of love was performed. Day after day Michael boldly gazed into those dark Grecian eyes, and Zoe stole bashful glances into the Irish blue ones and the surreptitious finger-squeezing was perpetrated, but never a word was spoken save, "How much?" "Two fo' fife."

The time had now come when language was a necessity, and toward this desideratum our Lothario in blue, as he marched through the crowded streets, bent all the energies of his thinking powers. Many methods rapidly suggested themselves to his fervid imagination and were as rapidly rejected, and many a smile played over his broad face as he saw the "bull" in some of those suggestions.

One day, while immersed in deep thought, he was suddenly aroused by a commotion issuing from a crowd of small boys in an alleyway. It was only a fight between two street Arabs. The others had formed a ring, and various words of encouragement were offered by the young spectators to the champions in the ring. At another time Michael, who had only recently been a boy himself would have passed this matter by, but now he felt that he was prospectively the head of a family and that he would not tolerate such things. On tiptoe he approached the scene of the combat.

As Michael approached he heard some one in the crowd scream: "Look out, there Jim! he's got a knife." The boys, ranging in every degree of dirty-facedness and tatteredness, were too intent on the struggle to notice the officer, who reached the outer edge of the crowd unseen. One of the boy combatants, with swarthy face, scowling brow and a recently acquired black eye, stood at one side of the ring like a hunted animal at bay, with his hand behind his back and concealed under his coat-tail, while the other urchin small and wiry-looking, with his little hands clinched and his eyes blazing, stood like an infantile gladiator, ready to spring on his antagonist and dare the worst, knife and all. In a moment the policeman had each of them by the collar.

In another instant he pulled the hand of the swarthy boy from underneath his coat-tail, and wrenched from it a murderous looking knife. At the officer's approach the crowd of boys broke and scampered like rats on the appearance of their feline enemy; and, while he was wresting the knife from the swarthy boy, his late antagonist took advantage of the opportunity to regain his liberty, so that officer and captive were alone in the alleyway.

The distance to the station was not far, and the officer thought he would walk there instead of calling the patrol; little Arabs, late spectators of the combat, peeked from doorways and alleyways like rats at the mouths of their holes, and small knots of people followed them for a short dstance and then dropped off.

"Who gave you the black eye?" said the officer, looking down from his six feet on the diminutive little man walking by his side.

"He giver ter me," answered the child, with a scowl that belonged to more mature years.

"And you can near killing him, and then you'd be hung."

"I'll give it ter 'em yit," hissed the boy through his clinched teeth.

"You're Eyetalian, ain't ye?" queried the officer.

"Noa, I was borned in Greece."

"Ye're a Greek, are ye?" half soliloquized Mr. O'Callaghan and immediately a secret sympathy sprang up in the mind of the captor for his captive.

Half a dozen thoughts now jostled each other through the officer's mind. His prospective paternity came upon him again; once more he saw the Graeco-Irish scion of the O'Callaghan kicking his infantile heels in midair, and he softened toward Zoe's compatriot.

A thought came—he might be a brother of Zoe's, and this thought was voiced by the question: "What's yer name, my boy?"

"Petros; they calls me Pete for short."

"What's yer other name?"

"Zarouski."

That point was settled. Was not Zarouski Zoe's name? They had almost reached the station, when the officer suddenly turned around, saying to the boy, "Come along," and, walking a few squares, led his captive to his own lodging. Here he locked the door, and, putting the poor little urchin, who thought he was going to be tortured to death, in a seat opposite him, opened the ball thus: "Pete, do ye know what they'll do to ye there?" jerking his thumb in the direction of the police court.

"Noa," replied the lad, his short, bare legs hanging down from the chair and six inches from the floor, while dismay was written on the face staring at his interlocutor.

"They'll send ye to the reform school, where ye'll have to work every day—on the treadmill—get nothin' t' eat, and be flogged every night."

The officer winced at his own want of veracity, while the poor little fellow dropped his head on his breast in despair.

"You ain't a bad kid, are ye, Pete?" asked the officer.

"I ain't when I's left 'lone. I's bad when I's maddened," added the boy, candidly.

"Pete, I've taken a likin' to ye, Pete," says the officer, "and if ye promise not to cut that boy that blacked yer eye, when ye meet 'im, I'll be yer friend, and ye wont have to go to the reform school."

Pete did not answer; it was not every day that people took a liking to him. He clutched his rag of a hat tighter in his little, swarthy hands and the tears stood in his eyes.

"Now will you promise not to cut that boy?" queried the officer, with an assumption of that tone he had heard the police justice assume toward culprits. Still the child—child-man, rather, did not speak. He was doing his best to control the rising tears. He was afraid he would blubber out, and that, according to his code, would be unmanly.

"Well," queried the officer, "do ye promise?" The boy nodded his head, with the mass of black, unkempt hair on it, as a sign in the affirmative, and with a quick movement of his hand across his eyes managed to intercept a tear that in spite of his efforts escaped his eyelids. The officer saw and was satisfied; then addressing himself to the child as if he was a full-grown man, and cheerily rubbing his hands, he said:

"Now, Pete, me boy, we'll have some dinner, ye and me."

Very soon they were on the best of terms and Pete would have gladly lain down his life for his new friend. He told O'Callaghan his little history.

But what interested the officer most was that Pete knew Zoe.

"Yes, I knows Zoe," said the little fellow, swelling with delight. "Zoe's out on'y a little—mebbe two months; her old fadder, he bought that stan' off a Italian feller, and Zoe she runs it all her own self, she does."

The officer had early in the acquaintance determined to make use of Pete in declaring his love for Zoe, so that the friendship had a selfish motive, and was not at all so disinterested as was Pete's for him. He took the little fellow entirely into his confidence, and the latter was as delighted at being able to do his great friend a favor as was the little mouse in the fable when it was given an opportunity to gnaw the meshes of the net that held entangled its great benefactor, the lion.

Perhaps the simile is a bad one in this case, as Pete was helping to entangle his friend in the meshes of a net rather than to disentangle him.

The officer well know that in the course he had determined on there were many difficulties to be overcome. He recognized the fact (like another great man of recent times) that it was a condition, not a theory, that confronted him, and, taking a heroic resolve, determined to learn Greek; that is, he determined to learn enough Greek to pop the question in it, and Pete should be his teacher. It did not need many words, he soliloquized—one short sentence, and toward the production of this sentence our hero turned the full force of his great intellect. After covering, with a short stub of a pencil, quires of foolscap paper—why foolscap rather than any other kind of cap is not stated—he selected the following, more in despair of being able to do better than on account of its perfect fullness.

"Zoe, I love you. Do you love me in return?"

This was was no slouch of a sentence our lovesick hero thought, as he surveyed it with his head first on one side and then on the other, and the author of this veracious history is inclined to agree with him, and earnestly recommends it to young gentlemen in similar situations. Pete could put this gem of a sentence into pretty fair Greek, all but the words "in return." What did that mean? he asked, and our hero replied, "Why, to love me in return means to love me back." Accordingly the sentence as Pete understood it real:

"Zoe, I love you; do you love me back?"

Now, Pete was a precocious child, and very bright in those things in which he had had experience; but a little knowledge of philology would have taught him there was such a thing as idiom in all languages, and that literal translation often gives a different and somewhat ludicrous meaning. But what he lacked in knowledge was made up in enthusiasm for his friend. He translated boldly, like the Reformation translators, and, like them, arrived at similar results. He knew no distinction between a noun and an adverb; so accordingly the adverb "back" he translated into the Green noun "ten platen," which is a colloquial and somewhat slangy Greek word meaning a "crooked back."

Pete instead of the personal pronoun "me," used the possessive adjective "my;" so that the sentence religiously committed to memory by Michael, instead of being "Zoe I love you; do you love me in return?" read "Zoe, I love you; do you love my crooked back?"

At length the fateful sentence was learned; and one bright morning in May Officer O'Callaghan, in his newest uniform, with two rows of brass buttons meandering down his broad breast, his tasseled hickory under his arm, and his helmet perched on one side of his head, boldly marched toward Zoe and the applestand, with Pete closely following.

Zoe spoke to Pete in their own modern, ungrammatical Greek, and to Michael in that language of the eyes where grammar cuts no figure. But this could not last always, and our lover, with his heart galloping all over his body, prepared for that terrible ordeal which, it is said, causes the bravest to tremble. Holding up in his hand a rosy apple so that passersby would think he was asking the price, he repeated with terrible precision the sentence as he had learned it.

Zoe did love him, and she said so in Greek so vehement and voluble that Pete, the would-be interpreter, did not understand more than every second word. She went on to say that she did love, and that she did not mind his poor crooked back the least bit. The words flitted by Pete so rapidly that he succeeded only in understanding and retaining the last sentence.

Judge of our hero's astonishment when Pete translated this back to him:

"She says she'll marry you, but she don't like your crooked back the least bit." Zoe stood by, listening to Pete's English, her eyes beaming over with love. Now, laughter is close akin to love, and for the first time our hero in those Grecian orbs saw only laughter; he was wounded in his most sensitive point, and that by her whom he loved. When a schoolboy in Ireland, his schoolmates used to call him Humpbacked Callaghan, and even his brother officers sometimes twitted him good-humoredly on his slight deformity, but now, unkindest cut of all, his beloved Zoe told him that indeed she would marry him, but she did not like his humpback the least little bit.

With one reproachful glance at Zoe, he turned slowly and walked away. Zoe saw the reproachful glance, and felt, like the soldiers at Balaklava, that "some one had blundered." Perhaps, she thought, he was going away, as he often did, because the passersby were beginning to notice. Perhaps he would return.

Time rolled on calmly and inevitably as if nothing had ever happened to mar the happiness of two human beings. Time rolled on, and every morning Zoe burnished her apples with the same greasy rag and always looked neat and trim, expecting him to return.

She had learned enough English now for all practical purposes. But he never returned. He is still single, somewhat more silent than he used to be, but a brave and faithful officer; and Zoe, with the blue-black hair that Michael admired so much streaked with gray, is still the Grecian maiden of the apple stand.

The moral of this true story is: Never propose in a language you do not understand, and never employ Petros Zarouski to interpret the reply.—New York News.

Polk Miller's Story.

Mr. Polk Miller, of Richmond, blew into the editorial office of the Almanack like a fresh breeze from the South a few days ago, and was promptly asked, of course, for the latest darky story in Virginia. He said it was about substituting a wild turkey for a tame trukey. One of his friends bought a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim and asked him, in making the purchase, if it was a tame turkey. "Oh, yais, sir, it's a tame tu'key ol right." "Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?" "Oh, yais, sir; a tame tu'key ol right." He consequently bought the turkey, and a day or two later when eating it he came across several shot. Later on when he met old Ephriam on the street he said: "Well, Ephriam, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it, when I was eating it." "Oh, dat was a tame turkey ol right," was Uncle Ephriam's reiterated rejoinder, "but de fac, is, bass, I'se gwine to tell yer in confidence dat ere shot was intended for me."—Advertiser's Almanack.

Origin of Slavery.

Cassagnac says it had its rise in the absolute authority (Patrio Potestas) of the father over the children, which universally prevailed in early times. Another source of slavery was in the power given by early law and custom to the creditor over the debtor and his body. Still another source was subjugation in war. The once almost universal custom of killing all prisoners was gradually changed to the more humane act of making slaves of them.—New York American.

Wooden Warships Lasted Long.

Some of the old-time frigates lived four times as long as our modern battleships and cruisers, and they were made entirely of wood. Steel ships rust out. At ten years our navy is obsolete or practically so.—New York Press.

Worry is one of the most fruitful causes of consumption.

KEEPING PATENT LEATHER.

Patent leather is always doubtful leather to buy, as no one will guarantee how long it will wear. If the shoes are cleaned and oiled frequently with sweet oil or vaseline, they will keep in good condition and last very much longer than if they are left alone.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CLEANING CANE CHAIRS.

To clean and restore the elasticity of cane-bottom chairs, turn the chair and with hot water and a sponge saturate the cane-work thoroughly. If the chair is dirty, use soap. Afterward set the chair to dry out of doors and the seat will be taut as when new.—Indianapolis News.

USES OF PAPER.

The careful housewife has a use for everything, and the daily papers are by no means an inconsiderate factor toward insuring a clean kitchen. For instance, a supply of paper folded in eight and hung up over the kitchen sink will be found most convenient to slip under a hot kettle that has just been lifted from the stove.

A store of full-sized printed sheets should likewise be kept in the kitchen table drawer, so that there is always one handy to spread over the table if necessary during work, which can afterward be burned.—New Haven Register.

EFFECTIVE CURTAINS.

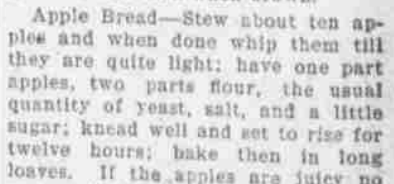
Unbleached Russia crash can be used for making very effective curtains. Turn a three-inch hem on the right side and baste on a two and one-half inch band of goldenrod yellow linen so that one edge covers the raw edges of the hem. Leave the edges of the linen raw and buttonhole on both edges with coarse brown silk. Near the inner edge of the curtain outline two stems in brown, going up from the band of yellow, and top them with a four-petalled yellow flower, butterholed around with the brown and with a center of dark red. Make a valance across the top of the window on which buttonhole simply a narrow band of linen.—New Haven Register.

DON'T BE A HOARDER.

Don't dust and clean the same old things you never intend to use and put them back in the same place to be house-cleaned another year. Here is what a woman found in her attic: An old tricycle that no one ever intended to ride, a big bundle of old wall paper, two piles of dusty old magazines that no one ever wanted to read, old-fashioned curtain fixtures that were broken, hangers full of old clothes, paper boxes heaped high full of "trash" and an old broken rocker.

When asked what she was keeping them for, she admitted that she didn't know. She was persuaded to get rid of the stuff, and that attic is now a cheerful little room, cozy as can be, the gathering place of her friends instead of a dingy old trash room.

So don't save your things to give them away when they are no good to any one. Give them away as soon as you find they are of no use to you. They will help some one in some way. —Philadelphia Ledger.



Cheese Omelet—Break six eggs into a dish and stir them gently. Add one-half cupful of grated or chipped cheese, salt and pepper to taste, and one-fourth teaspoonful of extract of beef dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling milk. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the pan, turn in the mixture and cook slowly. Cut in quarters and turn when brown.

Apple Bread—Stew about ten apples and when done whip them till they are quite light; have one part apples, two parts flour, the usual quantity of yeast, salt, and a little sugar; knead well and set to rise for twelve hours; bake then in long loaves. If the apples are juicy no water will be needed except that used to dissolve the yeast; bake in same manner that is used for baking other bread.

Chocolate Bread Pudding—Two cups stale entire wheat breadcrumbs, four cups scalded milk, two squares chocolate, three-fourths cup sugar, two eggs, one-fourth level teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful vanilla. Add the milk to the bread and let stand twenty minutes. Melt the chocolate over hot water. Add enough of the milk to make thin enough to pour, then add it to the bread. Add the sugar, eggs beaten slightly, salt and vanilla. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce.